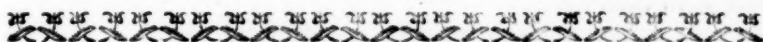


THE  
Court, City and Country Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER, 1765.



To the PRINTER.

S I R,

Much has been urged in vindication of the superiority of the fair, not only in personal but *mental* accomplishments; the propriety of which is referred to the decision of the impartial and discerning world.—But as the point under consideration can only be fully discussed by an absolute appeal to facts; I have taken the liberty to select a few characters from a valuable ancient Tract in my possession, and, together with some Remarks of my own, thus present them for insertion in your entertaining Magazine.

PHILANTHROPOS.

❖ ❖ ❖ S the most exalted characters have the greatest opportunities of displaying exalted virtues, I shall begin my brief catalogue of heroines with citing some illustrious instances of magnanimity, as displayed in the lives of *Female Monarchs*. History cannot furnish us with a male character, which in the most exalted sphere, displayed wisdom, superior to that of Sheba, who even rivalled the renowned Solomon.—Harpalice, queen of the Amazons, acquired a martial fame excelled by none, nor was the bounty of Cleopatra ever exceeded.—Camilla lived a shining example of chastity; and Zenobia was no less eminent for consummate learning. The annals of our

own country boast not a more illustrious monarch than the lady Elizabeth, whose conduct both in war and peace evinces a genius adequate to the most important tasks of government, as well as adapted to the most refined offices of social life.

In inferior stations we have upon record innumerable instances of women, whose heroic fortitude and magnanimity shine with unrivalled lustre, and are worthy the imitation of the noblest of the male sex. The matrons of Lacedæmon fought in all battles against the common enemy, and retained such veneration for bravery, that after an engagement, they would search the bodies of the slain for wounds.---If the greater number were found in the face or breast, they bore such with great joy and solemnity to be entombed with their ancestors; but if, on the contrary, the greater number were found on the back, with shame and confusion they either left such to the common burial, or interred them privately, as if desirous that their names should perish with their bodies.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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*Anecdote of Mr. P O P E.*

Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:  
But touch me, and no minister so fore.  
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time  
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;  
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,  
And the sad burthen of some merry song.

THESE lines are very beautiful, and superior to those of Horace. No poet was ever more severe in his revenge than Pope, but yet it must be confessed that he seldom ridiculed any persons without some reason. The Dunciad is a lasting monument of infamy to that set of hardened dunces, many even of whose very names are now buried in oblivion. In one remarkable instance, however, Mr. Pope thought proper, and with great judgment, to answer an attack, in prose. It seems that Lord Harvey wrote a libel in verse against him, entitled, "An epistle to a doctor of divinity from a nobleman at Hampton-Court," which was published in 1733. Pope understanding who was the author of it, answered it in prose, but kept his answer sometime in manuscript, with an intention to publish it after his friends had read it. His lordship being informed that Pope had answered him with an infinite deal of severity,

severity, endeavoured, by several means, to get a sight of the manuscript before it was published, but without effect. He then applied himself to the queen, who, to oblige him, borrowed the manuscript of Mr. Pope, and shewed it to his lordship. Harvey was excessively chagrined at the severity of the answer, and sufficiently humbled. He begged of her majesty to use all her interest with Pope to prevent its being published; for which purpose the queen ordered a person to speak to him, who assured him that his answer had had effect enough, as my Lord Harvey had seen it, and was excessively sorry for having given the provocation, and moreover sincerely asked Mr. Pope's pardon. Pope hereupon promised the queen, on his word of honour, not to publish it; but however left it in the power of his executor to do it after his death; and accordingly Doctor Warburton published it at the end of the 9th volume of his edition of his works. The letter, tho' wrote with great temper, is excessively poignant: but his lordship was ridiculed with infinite wit under the name of Sporus.

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*To the* P R I N T E R.

S I R,

AFTER long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular cause of Unhappy Marriages, which though common, is not much attended to. It is this: Every man, during the time of courtship, and on the first entrance upon the married state, assumes a behaviour like a holiday suit, which is to last no longer than he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion; he is controuled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady is captivated with this pliant creature, and expects from him the same behaviour for life. But, in a short time, she finds, he has a will of his own, and instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman; and what aggravates her misfortune, the most abject flatterers degenerate into the cruellest tyrants.

This reverse in behaviour naturally fills the lady with dreadful apprehensions; and is a grand source of disquiet. I cannot but applaud the conduct of my friend Downright in this particular, who made love to a woman of sense, and treated her as

such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good breeding prevented his behaving disagreeably; and his sincerity and frankness engaged him to behave in the same manner before marriage, as he intended to do afterwards.

I remember he once hinted a dislike of some part of the conduct of his mistress; upon which she asked him, if he talked at this rate before? I mentioned this now (said he) madam, because you are at your own disposal; were you at mine, I should be too generous to do it. In short, he succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband, than she discovered in the lover.

*An Essay on Night.*

THE approach of night naturally intimidates the heart of man; its solemn silence and its awful darkness creates in the behighted traveller's breast, a sudden fear of danger when none is near, and even makes the hardy soldier start and stand aghast at the rustling of a leaf, who but the day before could face, undaunted, the thundering of cannon, and the clash of arms. Silence and darkness, the fast friend of robbers, and the beasts of prey, are but the two convenient seasons for the approach of both the spiritual and temporal enemies of man; yea such are the thoughts of danger in these dull, dark, and dreary hours, that the most abandoned wretch can pray.

This is the season when man is exposed to innumerable hazards, and unless protected from on high, is liable to the greatest of dangers; sleep locks up the senses, and renders him incapable of the least resistance. The bloody murderer may stand beside his coach ready to transfix the fatal blow. The devouring flames may be even bursting through his chamber, while tied in sleep's infatuating chains, he lies as senseless of his danger as the child unborn. In these dreary hours, such are the vagaries of the wisest brain, that the most social breast puts on the most pitiless savage, or, in the words of Mr. Hervey, "Knows not the father that begat him, and takes no notice of the friend that is as his own soul; the wife of his bosom may expire by his side, and he lies more unconcerned than a barbarian." The bloody assassin, foe to compassion, may be glutting his cruelty in the murder of children; and their father in the apartment unmoved at their dismal fate, as though he knew them,



them not. This is the season when sense resigns her seat and office, and man becomes the captive of each silly dream, eagerly pursues the fleeting phantom of each inventive thought, and is made, perhaps, a monarch, though a beggar stretched on a bed of straw; or shudder at the sight of dangers that surround him, though all the time he lies reclining on a soft and easy couch; or fancies himself starving with hunger, though surrounded with the greatest plenty. Here it is that the intrepid warrior, who never declined the battle, flies with timidity before an imaginary foe. It is here the abstemious stoic, who contemns all the pleasures in the field of sense, is found pursuing ideal pomp, and eagerly catching at the airy lures of inventive thought.

Such are the mad delusions of the brain while sleep maintains its dominions over the senses, and keeps our bodies locked within its chains. But too just a picture of those unhappy sons of Folly, whose minds are overspread with darker shades even than the dusky shades of night; and all the faculties of whose souls are faster bound in Folly's chains than ever the chains of sleep bound the limbs and senses of the man reposed within its arms. Thus even dull night may become instructive, and teach us the most important truths, even to embrace and spread in virtue's cause the present short-lived day of life; that so we may be well prepared for that long and darksome night, the night of death, which soon will spread its awful shades around us all;—at which decisive period, if the short and fleeting day of this life has not been laid out in pursuits after celestial wisdom, little will all our other pursuits then stand in any stead. Such are some of the important truths the wise may learn from the dark and silent night; which, notwithstanding its darkness and silence, conveys to the attentive minds, instruction truly celestial and divine. Thus even night itself becomes instructive, “Nor sport vain dreams in vain,” since their fleeting shadows which instantly disappear when morning light awakes the man, present to our view a near resemblance of what this world calls happiness and joy, whose highest satisfaction but too nearly resembles the empty shadows of each transitory dream, and whose fairest promises will at the last as much deceive its unhappy votaries, as ever the airy visions of the night did the man awakened from his delusive dream.

*Essay on Good Manners.*

**N**OTHING more engrosses conversation, or is less understood, than the subject of good manners. Most people would be thought complaisant, but few will be at the pains to acquire the requisites of true politeness. Good sense is rather the characteristic of the English nation, than good manners; and as there is a native bluntness in their composition, they are as far beneath their neighbours, the French, in point of gallantry, in the true sense of the word, as they are superior to them in those acquisitions, which constitute real greatness.

Though dignified by superior attainments in the various branches of learning, it certainly behoves a cultivated people to copy excellencies, which characterize other nations; and as complaisance contributes to the happiness of every community, as well as individuals, the cultivation thereof becomes the duty of every member of society.

The grand design of Complaisance is to render ourselves agreeable to one another; it is no more than an artificial kind of benevolence, by which we please each other, without any violation of truth, and seem concerned for each other's welfare from an assumed tenderness. Complaisance by no means consists merely in the observance of a round of ceremonies, in a profusion of compliments, or in the fashionable mode of bowing; but carries in it a gentleness of nature, a disposition to please, and a reciprocal desire of being pleased; and is particularly careful to avoid every occasion of giving pain.

A truly complaisant man never endeavours to expose the foibles of others, but rather labours to screen them; he gives a fair hearing to whatever is uttered in company, nor abruptly intrudes his own opinion as the standard of judgment. If endowed with superior abilities, he shuns ostentation, and the idle parade of affecting to be wiser than others; if his parts at any time shine forth conspicuous, it will appear undesigned, and rather the impulse of nature, than an effort of art. In short, true complaisance disposes to such a behaviour in general, as cannot fail of redounding to the emolument of all who practice it; because it is universally approved, revered, and applauded.

If such are the obligations to this virtue, (for I think it deserves that title) and if the want of it must, therefore, be so disadvantageous to a man, what a despicable figure in life must the woman make, who is destitute of it? Complaisance is the peculiar

culiar armament of the fair creation; and a lady without good manners disgraces her costly attire, and can be no credit to her own sex. Complaisance is more strongly enjoined on the ladies, as from this natural delicacy they claim from the men more tenderness than they usually shew to one another; the men have, therefore, an unquestionable right to expect from them returns of gentleness and tractability, by which to allure them, and compensate for the many fears and anxieties, which naturally result from an unfeigned solicitude for their preservation and repose.

As Complaisance is attended with no other trouble than that of following the dictates of good manners, and never fails, as before hinted, of engaging esteem, it must appear remarkable strange, that it is not more cultivated.

The grand obstacle to the prevalence of this grace in behaviour arises from persons taking the shadow for the substance, the drapery for the picture, and the ornaments for the portrait; they confine it to its less essential properties, and neglecting those which tend to conciliate respect, by fulsome ceremonies, and palling tautology, evince a disagreeable affectation, rather than a pleasing, genuine complaisance.

To demonstrate to the unprejudiced mind, that this grace of Complaisance has a more powerful effect upon the world, than the most extensive and glaring abilities without it, I beg leave to mention two characters, diametrically opposed in point of behaviour, under the titles of Clara and Benigna.

Clara is endowed by nature with very singular abilities, which have been cultivated with great assiduity. She excels in the French and Italian languages, and is acquainted with most subjects of converse, on speculation. She has a taste for painting, poetry, music, and what is remarkable in a lady, for the abstruse, dry study of the mathematics. To these acquirements is added a handsome person, as well as capacity for declaiming with propriety on such topics; but there is wanting a grace, a manner; and in their place, substituted a presuming self-sufficiency that ever excites the disgust and indignation of the company.

If her opinion is referred to, she hesitates five or ten minutes before she deigns to give it; she is ever disposed to contradiction; and so apt to dispute, that I have even heard her call in question the genius of Shakespear, and declare that Mrs. Cibber is but very indifferent in the Pathetic. Her mien is most arrogantly disdainful, and her courtesies so studiously formal, that no dancing master in town will undertake to reform her air. She can have no chance to be courted for a wife; and when she comes to be an old maid---I leave others to judge of the situation of

all around her ; for surely no idea can comprehend fully the deformity of a mind naturally perverse, and torn by that neglect, which too commonly attends declining years. Congreve has, I think, happily expressed such a state in one line :

“ Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.”

But how different, how amiable is the character of Benigna ! She cannot, indeed, boast erudition ; the beauteous innocent knows no language but her own ; she has no pretensions to the abstruse studies ; and her mind is too prone to love, to be tossed by the waves of ambition. She courts not the fame of wit and genius ; but, insensibly to herself, captivates the hearts of all with whom she converses. She is a wit without affectation, and a beauty without pride. A perpetual smile dwells on her brow, and benevolence is enstamped in her countenance. She tempers the severity of virtue with an innocent complaisance ; and the poignancy of her wit with the glow of modesty.

While Clara terrifies by her learning, and disgusts by her rudeness, Benigna captivates by her address, and engages by her affability. The former, with many acquirements, lived despised ; the latter, with good sense, derived from nature alone, lived revered. The former is the object of universal hatred, while the latter unites all those qualities, which delight the eye, fire the imagination, or captivate the soul.

That these characters exist, none can pretend to deny ; that the former is as odious as the latter is amiable, none will dispute ; I may, therefore, be permitted to exhort the ladies to the cultivation of such a temper and disposition, as will add a lustre to beauty where it is, and supply its place where it is not.

As happiness or misery, in the present state of existence, depend very much upon the frame of the mind ; as reason is given us to check all immoderate sallies both in point of opinion and practice ; and as our own welfare depends much on our behaviour to others ; it is certainly incumbent on all to regulate their conduct by that invariable maxim of, *Doing unto others, as we would they should do unto us.*

*An Essay on real Happiness.*

**M**ORALISTS are not more undetermined on any point than that concerning the existence of happiness. Some have placed it in the possession of the goods of life: others in the contended mind; and some have denied that there is any such thing. The most rational system of happiness I ever met with, is Mr. Harris's, who places it not in possession, nor the ends, but the means of attaining them. Indeed, it is absurd to the last degree, to expect happiness at any particular time when our hopes promise us the aim of our wishes. Disappointments crowd in so thick upon us, that we seldom fail learning, by dear-bought experience, the emptiness of our desires. But while the mind is engaged in any pursuit, it certainly may enjoy happiness. The author that writes with the hopes of fame, when he comes to publish, may have all his expectations blasted; but while he was busied in the labour, he felt the charms of those sensations which proved phantoms when he attempted to grasp them. The lover wishes, with the most ardent impatience, for that happy hour that is to render him completely blessed—the hour arrives without the blessing: his pleasure lay in the pursuit. The man who retires from the busy scenes of life to enjoy rural delights, builds, plants, raises mounts, and sinks basons, and when every thing is finished to his mind, expects to be happy, but finds his mistake. The merchant who places all his ambition on the acquisition of immense wealth, which he thinks will banish every want: gains it; and is then convinced, that the acquiring, not the acquisition, formed his happiness. It is thus with every order of men. when they never think of happiness, they enjoy it, and when they expect to attain it, they are constantly disappointed.

It is imprudent for any one to assert that another is unhappy, unless they are perfectly acquainted with the state of his mind. It has long ago been proved (and surely it won't admit of a doubt) that happiness does not consist in riches; and they who place their desires on them, are too apt to fancy those who do not possess them unhappy. But let the rich commune with their own bosoms, and be silent: they need only consult themselves to be acquainted with the insufficiency of wealth to confer happiness. That the most permanent pleasure we can enjoy in this life, consists in content, is undoubtedly true: he who with little, is content with that little, should be con-



sidered as the only happy man. There is no happiness in so miserable a world as this, but what the philosophic mind enjoys in its own contemplation; and no studies or reflection is so likely to confer happiness, even in this world, as that of the Divine Being: he who would be happy here, should aim at being happy hereafter; he should meditate on those great and sublime truths which religion teaches; he should, to use an expression of the poets, *Wing his way sublime*, and contemplate that glorious immortality which the good wish to enjoy, but the wicked fear to believe.

To this bright mark may all thy actions tend,  
 And heav'n succeed the wishes of a friend,  
 Whose faithful love directs its tender cares  
 Beyond the flight of momentary years:  
 Beyond the grave, where vulgar passions end,  
 'To future worlds its nobler views extend,  
 Which soon such imperfection must remove,  
 And ev'ry charm of friendship shall improve.  
 'Till then the muse essays the tuneful art,  
 'To fix her moral lesson on thy heart,  
 Illume thy soul with virtue's brightest flame,  
 And point it to that heav'n from whence it came.

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*Curious Pieces of Antiquity.*

**A**N ingenious artist has now in his possession the indentical mourning ring which King Charles II. wore in memory of the horrid murder of his father, whose picture is on the top inimitably done in enamel. Within side is engraved on the gold as under,

*Cha. Rex  
 Remem—Obiit—ber  
 30 Jan. 1648.*

*Remember* was the last word that King Charles spoke to Bishop Juxon before his martyrdom. And likewise a toothpick case curiously ornamented with silver, made of the piece of the oak which King Charles II. cut from the tree while secreted there from the pursuit of his enemies; on the top is engraved a crown, and the words *Royal Oak*. His majesty wore it in his pocket for 20 years. The above curiosities will shortly be presented to the university of Cambridge.

To

*To the* PRINTER.

S I R,

**A**S marriage is generally a foundation for a life of happiness or misery, I hope you will not think me impertinent in offering a few thoughts on a subject of such universal importance.

The all-prevailing love of gold is too often the source from whence these mischiefs spring, which destroy all conjugal felicity ; for when a parent thinks he hath found a suitable match for a child, in point of rank and fortune, he looks no further. An equality of temper, similarity of disposition, and the soft union of souls are totally unregarded, when 'tis they alone can constitute true matrimonial bliss. Thus a young lady is sacrificed to a man, perhaps, that she has an aversion to, or at least a perfect indifference. What but the most fatal effects can be the fruit of such a marriage ! But as example is more forcible than precept, shall beg leave to relate a history that fully evinces the truth of my assertion.

Floretta was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, who died when she was very young, and left her to the care of an affectionate mother, who spared neither pains nor expence in her education, to render her mind as lovely as her form, the beauty and delicacy of which excited the admiration of all beholders. Scarce had she attained her seventeenth year, before she was addressed by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, all must have allowed, would have been an unexceptionable match, had he been capable of inspiring her with those soft sensations, which are alone productive of real bliss : but, alas ! that happiness was denied him ; for though she consented to be his wife, as her mother was very desirous of the match, yet, when he led her to the altar, her affections were entirely disengaged, and she had for him the utmost indifference : And though he made it his study to prevent her wishes, and endeavoured to endear himself to her by the most tender assiduities, he had the grief to find it all in vain ; for though she gave him no cause to complain of her behaviour, yet that reciprocal love was wanting on her side, which alone could render her husband completely blessed.

Things were in this situation some years ; when, during their stay in town, where they went every winter, some unexpected business called Floretta's husband into the country ; in which time she one night went to the opera. She sat next a young gentleman, with whose person and conversation she was greatly

charmed. When the opera was over, he conducted her to a chair, and took his leave of her in a manner that left her no room to doubt of having made an impression on his heart. She was no sooner alone, than she found she was become a prey to that passion, which she had hitherto looked upon as existing only in romances. The next morning the lovely stranger made her a visit, when he convinced her he was a man of quality and immense fortune. He then, not knowing her pre-engagement, told her his designs were honourable, and that he was happy in having it in his power to raise her to a station which her beauty would adorn. The confusion this speech occasioned in her, he attributed to her modesty; so thought it not prudent to press her any more on that subject till another opportunity, and left her more charmed than ever.

When he was retired, she began to reflect, that in receiving visits of this gentleman, she acted repugnant to her duty; but equipage and grandeur was always her darling passion; and now they pleaded on the side of love, she found them irresistible: the remonstrances of duty, love and gratitude were ineffectual, and she determined to marry this new lover; but as he seemed to be a man of strict honour and probity, it was necessary to conceal her prior engagement from him, lest, if it came to his knowledge, he should break off the affair. She determined, therefore, to remove her lodging, go by another name, and pass for a widow. Accordingly, at his next visit, she acquainted him with her intentions of removing to a distant part of the town for the benefit of the air.

She had not been long in her lodgings before they were privately married. She immediately removed to the young nobleman's house, where she lived in all the splendor suitable to his rank.

Her first husband soon after returned from the country. His astonishment was beyond expression, on being told his wife had quitted her lodgings, and none could inform him where she was gone. He tried every method he could devise to find her out; and at last heard, by accident, that she was in the house, and looked upon as the wife of an Italian nobleman. His grief was equal to his surprise. On hearing this account of her, he went directly, and desired to speak with her. She at first refused to see him: however, he was at length admitted to her presence, when he claimed her as his wife. She told him he had lost his senses, for she did not so much as recollect she had ever seen him before; and told him to go about his business, or she would order her servants to turn him out of the house. Finding that she persisted in this falsity, and perceiving that all attempts to recall her

her to the paths of duty and honour were in vain, he left her with inexpressible regret to follow her own inclinations, and retired into the country.

Floretta soon after went into Italy with her second husband, who was passionately fond of her. She lived there some years, when she was seized with a fever, and finding death approaching, she called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter, which having sealed, she called her husband, and putting the paper into his hand, desired him not to open it till after her decease; and begged he would comply with her dying request, which he would find in that paper. He promised her that he would, which seemed to give her real satisfaction. After which she languished a few days, and then died. He was greatly surprised, on opening the paper, to find she was the wife of another man, and that her request was to be buried in his vault. He accordingly ordered the necessary preparations, and accompanied the funeral pomp himself to England. He caused her to lay in state at every great town they passed through, and no words can paint his sorrow for the loss of her: he even refused all kind of sustenance, and seemed resolved to follow her to the grave; but time in some measure calmed his grief.

When they arrived at the place where she had desired to be buried, he sent for her first husband. A little altercation ensued upon their first meeting; but it soon subsided, and they were so perfectly reconciled, as both to follow her to the grave. She was the first, I believe, and I think she will be the last, who had two husbands to attend her funeral.

However romantic the above narrative may appear, 'tis really true; and is likewise a convincing proof of the bad consequences attending marriage, where love is not the predominant passion; for if the above lady had seen her last husband before she had made any engagement with the first, she might have lived a life of innocence and happiness, and her first husband might have found some lady, who would have made him happy in a reciprocal affection.

I am, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

And sincere Admirer,

PHILANTHROPOS.

*Essay*

*Essay on Love.*

" Love's an heroic passion, which can find  
 " No room in any base degen'rate mind:  
 " It kindles all the soul with honour's fire,  
 " To make the lover worthy his desire.

**T**HERE is no passion has occasioned more raillery from men of wit than love, and none perhaps to which themselves are more subject. Philosophers and moralists are perpetually drawing up formal declarations against it, yet are unable to secure themselves from its attacks. The men of severe contemplation are apt to despise it as light and trifling, yet in their lives are equally subject to it with others. What a scene of diversion must this afford to any impartial thinking mind, that observes at once the wisdom and weakness of these learned lovers!

Love free as air, at sight of human ties,  
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.  
 Let wealth, let honour wait the wedded dame,  
 August the deed, and sacred be her fame;  
 Before true passion all those views remove,  
 Fame, wealth, and honour, what are you to love?

This usurping passion, which so often defeats the judgment of the wise, and puts them upon a level with men of ordinary faculties and attainments, to humble them yet the more, never commits greater ravages than in those minds which are endowed with the most elevated capacities, and humanized with the sweetest dispositions. The spirits of such men are too fine to relish any pleasures which are not delicate. Their imaginations, which are perpetually conversant with the most agreeable objects, and that refined and soothing sort of melancholy, to which they are naturally inclined, prepare a soil for this passion to take deepest root, and conspire to heighten their relish in the enjoyment and prosecution of its enchanting amusements. Consider these men in one view, what honours and advantages are they not capable of acquiring to themselves and their country? But in another, what ruin do they sometimes bring upon both, when this soft seducer meets with too great an indulgence? Those excellent qualities, which with a proper application would have been of so much use and ornament to the possessor, serve only, on
 such



such occasions, to work like slaves under an imperious tyrant, and make the wretched owner more certain of success, in obtaining his desired misery.

Oh tyrant love ! hast thou possess'd  
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast ?  
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,  
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.  
Love, soft intruder, enters here,  
But ent'ring learns to be sincere.

A philosopher thus affected, cuts himself off at once from all the advantages of his high employment. His schemes of reasoning are broken and confused ; his maxims subverted ; his severity dissolves into an unbridled effeminacy ; and that noble thirst after knowledge, which raised and animated all his intellectual powers, settles into an indolent complacency for one beloved object. What a surprising change is this ! The man who exercised his superior reason in a generous contempt of himself, in an enlarged survey of the universe, and in a pious adoration of its author, is now transported with the contemplation of a smooth skin. Thus while we give ourselves up to the hopes of a fallacious enjoyment, we lose that which is real ; and by a romantic pursuit after false happiness, we too often find a misery which is not imaginary.

Troilus, as a soldier, should form to himself an heroic and settled valour, arising from motives of duty, and from a rational expectation of future happiness ; but as he has the misfortune to be criminally in love, all his irregular starts of courage spring only from the hopes of recommending himself to a person he ought never to think of, and of being, some time or other, rewarded with that, which would plunge him in guilt and misery. What a preposterous motive is this ! That a man should take up that glorious profession only as a means to purchase dishonour, and become familiar with scenes of death, with a resolution to be unfit for it.

Cowley's fond complaint of his beloved misfortune will occur to every one's memory on this occasion ;

Ah ! lovely thief, what wilt thou do ?  
What rob me of my heaven too ?  
Thou e'en my prayers dost steal from me ;  
And I, with wild idolatry,  
Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

I shall

I shall add no further reflexions on this subject, when I have desired the reader to consider what is here offered only as an endeavour to regulate this noble passion, and not to extinguish it. Though the beauty of the fairer sex was not to effeminate, it was certainly design'd to soften ours; and, without adoring their charms, we may with reason admire them. That sociable virtue, and that fine humanity, by which the better part of mankind are distinguished, and which consists not in a cold indifference, but in well-ordered passions, cannot but appear more beautiful in the eye of the all-wise being, than the sullen obedience of the most rigid philosopher. In a word, whoever pretends to be without passions, censures the wisdom of that power which made him; and if men of sense, for they alone are capable of refined pleasure, would so far admit love, as not to exclude their necessary and important duties, they need not be ashamed to indulge one of the most valuable blessings of an innocent life.

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To the P R I N T E R.

**T**HE most noble creature on this earthly globe is allowed to be Man, the master-piece of the creation. But this monarch of the terrestrial inhabitants, this vicegerent of omnipotence, may he not, in his mortal state, be considered as almost a compound of imperfections; He seems to be always surrounded by wants, for he is continually grasping at what he cannot obtain, and wishing for what he will never possess. Every object that attracts his sight, every Idea that pleases his imagination, every sound that engages his attention, excites some new desire which nothing can obliterate, tho' he very well knows it impossible to be obtained. His infirmities render him incapable of keeping peace with the vivacity of his imagination; nor can even his imagination itself furnish him with the means of Gratification, or set bounds to his desires. His mind is continually agitated by inquietude, like the surface of the ocean by a rapid tempest; nor can any thing calm this agitation in his breast, but the hopes of success, and his being able to obtain the object of his wishes.

Experience often convinces him, that misery instead of happiness is the consequence of his projects; that the path he pursued through so many dangers and difficulties, instead of leading

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to the garden of delights, terminate in the desert of misfortunes. Yet these miscarriages, instead of lessening, increase his ardour; he again endeavours to satisfy his wishes, and is again disappointed. The hope of success however still supports him, by filling him with ideas, that, notwithstanding his former misfortunes, his new projects cannot fail of rendering him happy. It removes, or at least mitigates, the uneasy sensations of the present moment, by anticipating the pleasures of futurity, which he promises himself he shall enjoy.

The warrior, satiated with the enjoyments of an inactive life, quits the bowers of ease and retirement, and rushes into fields of slaughter, endures a thousand hardships, and is exposed to a thousand dangers. His bed is often no other than the dusty surface of the earth, his canopy the azure arch of heaven, his food the coarsest, and hardly sufficient to satisfy the calls of nature, and his drink the unwholesome water of some turbid pool; and all he hopes to gain is glory, the empty applause of his fellow mortals; never considering that ten thousand accidents may deprive him of this ideal object, and render all his hopes abortive. An unfortunate Mistake may give the enemy the advantage, or the malicious tongue of slander and calumny blast the laurels on his brow.

The merchant, stimulated with the hopes of acquiring riches, ventures his substance on the pathless ocean, and sends the products of his own to distant countries. He anticipates in his ideas the promised happiness that he shall enjoy at the return of his ships; and seems to forget the craggy rocks that lie concealed beneath the surface of the deep, the raging tempests that throws the sea into confusion, and the artifices of an hostile foe.

The husbandman assiduously labours in tilling the ground, exposes himself to the chilling blasts of winter, and the scorching heats of summer; he bends beneath the toils of the field, and bedews the earth with the sweat of his brow. The Hopes of a plentiful harvest supports him under all his pains; and the flattering consideration that he shall soon reap the reward of all his labours, animates him with fresh vigour, and fills his nerves with redoubled strength. Absorbed in the pleasing expectations of a large increase, he forgets the danger to which his seed is exposed, and the many accidents that may deprive him of all his hopes, and render his enchanting expectation an empty dream. He never reflects that a large swarm of insects may soon change his luxuriant fields into a desert, or the blasting winds of the east destroy the produce of his expected harvest.

The man of learning spends his days in reflection, and a continued series of laborious studies. He is desirous of adding one discovery to another, and of penetrating still deeper into the secret laws of nature. He flatters himself, that when he has overcome some difficulties that retarded his progress, he shall pursue his ideas without obstruction, and arrive at the summit of his wishes. But he soon finds himself disappointed; other difficulties present themselves, and are again surmounted; till experience, after a life spent in continued labour, and the most painful efforts of the mind, convinces him, that his desires are impossible to be gratified, and that every science is absolutely unbounded. But what motive animates him to engage in so unbounded a series of toil and trouble? The hopes of fame. He flatters himself, that posterity will mention him with more honour, and that the most distant ages will revere his memory. Filled with this enchanting idea, he never reflects that succeeding generations will make new discoveries and improvements, and carry the sciences to much greater degree of perfection; that his labours will be rendered useless by those of his successors, and perhaps, after all his pains, suffered to sink in the Whirlpools of Oblivion.

Why then were these passions implanted in the human breast? why is this lord of the sublunary world animated to engage in projects he can never carry to perfection, to grasp after objects he can never enjoy, and always to seek happiness in futurity? because he is compounded of two principles: the one, celestial, and immortal; the other, terrestrial, and obnoxious to the stroke of death. The soul, while confined within its earthly prison, is always thirsting after happiness, and therefore always animating its companion to make different attempts, in hopes of attaining it. But whether they succeed or not, it finds itself disappointed; the happiness that results is not the happiness it expected, because it is not adapted to its nature; celestial joys alone can satisfy it; but these are not to be found in the regions of mortality. Instead therefore of seeking pleasures in these terrestrial abodes, the desires should be fixed on those that are beyond the grave. Those alone can satisfy the longings of the soul, and these alone are permanent and substantial. This would be directing the passions to their proper object, and fulfilling the intention of Omnipotence, when he placed them in the human breast.

*Beauty no ornament without mental Qualifications.*

**I**S it not strange that most young ladies of the present age take it into their heads that beauty and fortune are the only requisites towards making them acceptable to the men; surely the beauties of the mind are infinitely more durable and universally acceptable to the rational part of mankind. Nothing so soon palls as beauty, when it has not for its attendants good sense, good-nature, or good humour, and I must not forget to add a grand essential, good-breeding; without some or all of these happy qualifications, beauty is a bubble of no real value. Meloria is remarkably well-shaped, and delicately featured, has a prodigious fine skin, and is, in short, uniformly handsome. Her fortune is a good ten thousand pounds in South-Sea annuities, which makes her be looked upon as queen of the little village from which she derives her birth, but where to seek for her education one is quite at a loss, though her mama says she received it at a London boarding-school. Miss has all the affectation of wit, without possessing a common understanding. She talks of books, the title-pages of which she only reads; her repartees are smart, but low, and of course, fashionable. She turns all her acquaintance into ridicule, and is sure to find out their deformities, if any they have. She turns up her nose at the country 'squires, and makes that amiable person be looked on with disgust, which Providence formed to delight and love. In London she does not appear to more advantage than in the country; her beauty at first sight is striking, and her faults for a time lay concealed; but no sooner does she commence an intimate acquaintance with any one but the mask of beauty falls, and betrays her inward self. She is shunned, despised, and pitied.----- Would Meloria but examine her faults as often as she does her glass, she might possibly amend them, and have at command, a number of sected admirers, instead of a few empty dangles, and hungry fortune-hunting beaux. She would have the love instead of the fear and contempt of her own sex; her beauty would shine with true lustre, and be a real ornament, and the virtue and amiable qualities of her soul would be like a precious diamond kept in a casket of pure gold.



*The good Man. An Essay.*

**H**E will not fail of offering up his daily prayers to his heavenly father in secret, who he is assured will hereafter reward him openly, to implore such a measure of his blessed free grace, and the assistance of his holy Spirit, as will enable him to perform his duty with truth and sincerity.

View him in his public devotions, you'll behold him attentive and devout; (not gazing about to see and be seen, as is too often the case, but) hearty in his prayers, sincere in his acknowledgments, and joyful in praises.

Among his family you will find him chearful and good-natured, affable and obliging, as far as he is able; always endeavouring to promote harmony and good will.

In his charity to the distressed among his fellow-creatures, he is liberal to the extent of his abilities; not grudgingly or of necessity, knowing that God loveth a chearful giver; feeling with a tender concern the misfortunes of others; making a proper distinction betwixt the true objects of compassion and the undeserving, and bestowing his bounty in such a manner as almost doubles its value; convinced that our blessed Saviour has declared, he will look upon such acts of benevolence and humanity as offices done to himself, and will reward them accordingly.

In the business or employment of his station in life, he is found to be diligent and obliging; honest in his dealings; punctual in the performance of his engagements: and faithful in his promises: not forgetting the golden rule of christianity, to do as he would be done by.

See him abroad in company, he is sociable and pleasant; candid in his opinion, modest in his discourse; and if opportunity offers, prudently endeavouring, by the most engaging motives, to recommend the practice of virtue and religion.

Attend him in his diversions, you'll find him wise in his choice of such as are innocent in themselves, and hurtful to none; satisfied with a moderate enjoyment of them; partaking of them at proper times and seasons; and always making them subservient to their proper end, recreation and delight.—Now such, I presume, as can prevail upon themselves to make their conduct and behaviour in life sincerely answerable to the above-mentioned description of a good man,

will

will enjoy that greatest of blessings, a safe and quiet conscience: their spirits will be calm and easy; they will possess that inward tranquillity and peace of mind, that joy and gladness of heart, which the faithful practice of true religion affords. And lastly, this, at the hour of death, will support them with the lively hopes and cheering expectations of their approaching happiness; when they will receive that delightful invitation, "Well done good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

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*To the* P R I N T E R.

S I R,

**T**HE Russians of all nations seem to me to behave most wisely in the circumstance of jealousy. The wife promises her husband never to let him see her transgressions; and he as punctually promises, whenever she is detected, without the least anger, to beat her without mercy: so they both know what each has to expect; the lady transgresses, is beaten, taken again into favour, and all goes on as before.

When a Russian young lady, therefore, is to be married, her father, with a cudgel in his hand, asks the bridegroom, whether he chuses this virgin for his bride? to which the other replies in the affirmative. Upon which, the father, turning the lady three times round, and giving her three strokes with his cudgel on the back, "My dear, cries he, these are the last blows you are ever to receive from your tender father; I resign my authority and my cudgel to your husband; he knows better than me the use of either." The bridegroom knows decorum too well to accept of the cudgel abruptly: he assures the father, that the lady will never want it, and that he would not for the world make any use of it. But the father, who knows what the lady may want better than he, insists upon his acceptance. Upon this there follows a scene of Russian politeness, while one refuses, and the other offers the cudgel. The whole, however, ends with the bridegroom's taking it, upon which the lady drops a courtesy in token of obedience, and the ceremony proceeds as usual.

*Instance*

*Instance of Filial Piety.*

A JEW, named Ishmael, was thrown into the prison of the inquisition at Seville in Spain, with his father, a Rabbi. They had been confined together four years, when Ishmael, having made a hole, made shift to climb to the battlements of the tower; and, by means of some ropes he had provided, let himself down along the wall with a great deal of hazard. When he arrived safe at the bottom, he could not but reproach himself for having abandoned his father, and without considering the risque he had just ran, and that his father and he were to be tormented, with several others, in the severest manner, at Madrid, he, with a generosity that would have done credit to a Christian, and the utmost difficulty, re-ascended the tower, entered once more the horrid dungeon, and after having dragged his aged father from it, conveyed him first securely down, and then escaped himself.

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*Description of a remarkable Stone Bridge, formed by a petrifying Spring.*

IN the neighbourhood of Clermont in Avergne, a province of France, are wells, where any substances laid in them soon contract a lapideous crust; but the most remarkable of these is that in the suburb of S. Allire, which has formed the famous stone bridge mentioned by so many historians. It is a solid rock, composed of several strata, formed during the course of many years, by the running of the petrifying waters of this spring over it. It has no cavity or arches till after above sixty paces in length, where the rivulet of Tireraine forces its way through. This petrifying spring, which falls on a much higher ground than the bed of the rivulet, gradually leaves behind it some lapideous matter, and thus, in process of time, has formed an arch, through which the Tirerain has a free passage. The necessity which this petrifying matter seemed to be under of forming itself into an arch, could continue no longer than the breadth of the rivulet; after which, the water of the spring ran regularly again under it, and there formed a new petrification, resembling a pillar. The inhabitants of these parts, to lengthen this wonderful bridge, have diverted the brook out of its old channel, and made it to pass close by the pillar, whereby the spring formed

ed a second arch; and thus as many arches and pillars as they please might, by the same means, have been produced. But the great resort of people to see this natural curiosity became troublesome to the Benedictines of the abbey, in whose jurisdiction it lies. In order to lessen its petrifying virtue they divided the stream into several branches, which has so well answered their intent, that at present it only covers with a thin crust those bodies on which it falls perpendicularly; but in those over which it runs in its ordinary course, no traces of this petrifying quality are any longer perceivable. It is the only drinking water in this suburb, and no bad effect is felt from it.

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*To the* PRINTER.

S I R,

*By giving the following Essay on the Word Truth a Place  
in your Magazine, you will oblige your constant Reader  
and Admirer,*

F. N.

**W**HEN Pilate jesting asked what was truth, he would not stay for an answer: and so it is with many who delight in giddineis, and count it a bondage to fix a belief, affecting free willing as well as free acting; and tho' that sect of philosophers are partly dwindled to nothing, yet there remains some who account themselves wits, that run in the same strain; and as they pretend to find out the meaning of the word truth, which I will ever maintain to be an excellent attribute, against those who maintain, that the truth should not be told at all times; if so, then silence is commendable, for otherwise you must introduce a lye in its favour, and when a little used to this custom, they are fond of lying for lying-fake; but truth is as naked and as open as the sun at noon day, and wants nothing to gloss or illustrate it, so that the enquiry of truth, is the love of it; the knowledge of truth, is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, is the sovereign enjoyment of it, and is likewise the sole good of human nature: the first work of the creation was, the light of the sense, and the last was the light of reason; and the Sabbath has ever been held by all that believe in the deity, to be as an illuminating light, proceeding from the holy spirit of God: for first,  
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he breathed the inspiring light of God's good grace into the hearts of his chosen people, which all are that will tread in the paths of truth, and walk humbly with God; which I am apt to believe, without the help of devination, or predestination; for as good and bad is put before you, it is in your own power to chose either, or else where is the equity of such power. Excellent in this, the poet, where he remarks, It is a pleasure to stand on shore, and see ships tofs'd at sea; —a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle to see a battle, and the advantages thereof, at a safe distance;---but no pleasure is so comparable as to stand on the advantageous ground of truth, (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene) from whence you may behold the errors and whirlwinds of the giddy world below; but yet the prospect must be viewed with pity, not with pride; for a just man's mind moves by charity, rests in providence, and turns on the poles of truth.

I shall now bring it into trade, or dealing between man and man: it must be acknowledged even by those that even do not so themselves, that truth and fair dealing is the best; for that with a mixture of falshood, is but like alloy in gold or silver, which, though it helps to make the metal work better, yet it debases it; nay, there is no vice that doth so openly cover a man with shame, as to be found false and perfidious; to that Mountaigny well observes, why the giving of the lye to a lyer should be such a disgrace, or such an odious charge; for, adds he, if it be well weighed, when a man lyeth he is outbraving God, yet a coward to man; for a lye faces God yet will shrink to hide itself from man: nay, it is foretold in Scripture, that at "Christ's second coming, he "shall not find-faith upon the earth."

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

GOOD understanding and a benevolent heart are things now a days so little regarded in a union of the sexes, that inttead of being surpris'd when we see so many miserable matches, we ought, in my opinion, to be astonished that we do not meet with a great many more: when a wedding has been celebrated between a young couple is there any other enquiry ever made than, "what was the bride dress in?"



in?" or, "is the husband a handsome man?" the poor mind is totally excluded from the least participation in the affair, so there is but beauty and fortune; and yet we absolutely look for happiness in a marriage of this nature, after so scandalously neglecting the principal foundation on which it must be placed.

In all matrimonial infelicities, however, the greatest share of anxiety generally falls to the portion of the wife; though indeed when matters are properly considered we cannot say but she deserves them: wild and dissolute as the common run of men may be, yet nevertheless, when they think of marrying, they seldom make a choice where there is any notorious deficiency of character. However indifferent they may be to the requisites of temper and good-sense, they are for the most part solicitous about the lady's reputation; and look at least for the negative merit of a name entirely free from vice; though they do not reflect that there is an absolute necessity for some positive virtue.

With the women the case is widely different. In proportion as a man has been profligate he rises in their esteem; and a lady of the nicest principles does not think herself disparaged by a union with the most abandoned betrayer of innocence who chances to distinguish her by his devoirs. Instead of treating him as a scandal to society, and a professed enemy to her sex, every woman he has destroyed she looks upon as a fresh proof of his merit, and if he has plunged a dagger into the bosom of his friend he is wholly irresistible. In short, from a ridiculous supposition that her own charms are powerful enough to reclaim; and from a still more idle opinion, that a reformed rake always makes the best husband, she stoops to take the brute to her arms, tho' perhaps at the same time her hand is solicited by some man of real probity and honour with all the passionate vehemence of an everlasting love.

I myself, Sir, am a woman, and a miserable one. About two years ago my brother Dick, who is a colonel in the guards, accidentally introduced a gentleman at our house, with whose appearance every body was prepossessed, but none unhappily so much as myself: his person was remarkably striking, and his face was replete with that characteristical something which at once indicates both the man of fashion and understanding; he was dressed in the utmost elegance, without any thing of the coxcomb in his garb, and in short, was all that the eye of romance could possibly suppose of an Alexander or an Oroondates. During the course of a long conver-

tion I observed he said but very little, and his eyes being frequently directed to me, I was vain enough to attribute his silence to something of a new-born respect, and therefore omitted nothing that might enhance his opinion either of my personal attractions or my understanding. He withdrew at last, and next morning as I was calling up the minutest circumstance of the preceding afternoon to my memory, and devising an expedient to obtain another interview, a servant in a handsome livery brought me a letter from the dear man, fraught with the tenderest declaration of an eternal passion; and concluding with a request (which in spite of all my partiality for him I could not help thinking rather presumptuous) that I would favour him with a single line in answer, and let him know whether an assiduity of the most unremitting nature might not have a possibility in time to work upon my pity, and to raise him to distant expectations of my friendship, if he could not even be blest with the hope of a warmer and more exquisite regard.

To be sure, Sir, I should have immediately sent the impertinent coxcomb his letter unopened, and treated him as he merited, with an honest contempt. But alas! his very boldness was a plea in his behalf, and I judged of his affection by the violence which he offered to common politeness and civility. Not to trespass on your leisure, I *did* send him an answer and a favourable one, and in less than three months, having an independent fortune of 15000*l.* in my own hands, I married him against the sober and earnest advice of all my best friends, who painted him, as I have since fatally found him, a man with a bad head and a worse heart; and even rather more destitute of honour than devoid of understanding.

For a month or two after the solemnization of our nuptials, he behaved with such an appearance of tenderness, that I thought myself the most fortunate of human beings, and have asked my own heart, with a conscious glow of triumph, if it was possible even for hereafter to give any material addition to my happiness: but alas! Madam, before the expiration of the second month, how excessively was I mortified and undeceived! his lips no longer fraught with the fascinating blandishments of love, now employed themselves on subjects which shewed him scarce a remove from a natural; and his desire of new conquests by that time also returning, I found he could not live without some fresh sacrifice to his vanity; and that nothing however infamous or immoral could restrain him from gratifying this favourite

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turn of his inclination. In short, the more I became acquainted with his real character, the more I found him universally detested and despised; and the only prospect which opened upon my union was the most aggravating remorse of an honest self-accusation.

My own pride, and the remains of an affection for him which I in vain wish to conquer, have often led me to try a thousand expedients in hopes of preventing his vices; though I knew his absurdities were never to be removed. But alas! I have tried to no purpose. So that now if I am with him in company, I am eternally on thorns for fear he should expose himself, by opening his lips; though if he happens to be absent I am as continually terrified for fear of hearing some fresh account of his profligacy, or some story of another family dishonoured; and another innocent undone.

O! how dreadful a thing is it for a woman to have a husband whom the more she knows the more she despises, and who instead of meriting that honour which she vowed at the altar, gives occasion for nothing but her abhorrence or her contempt! However, if women will follow my example, and place the whole foundation of their happiness upon the transient ground of a personal beauty, they may expect, and ought to share, the fate of

LUCINDA.

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*To the* P R I N T E R.

S I R,

**N**Otwithstanding a number of writers have very judiciously employed their pens in exposing the ridiculous partiality which the generality of parents feel in favour of their own children; yet there is one species of this partiality, which, though the most fatal in its effects, has, however, engaged but the smallest part of their notice; for which reason I propose to make it the subject of my present discussion; and flatter myself that it will be received, on account of its importance, with a particular share of indulgence by the public.

The prejudice upon which I intend to animadvert, is the opinion absurdly entertained by every body, that the beauty of their daughters will be always certain of making their fortunes. This

unhappy prepossession is now so universally adopted, that few parents attend to more than the mere superficials of a young lady's education; a mother now-a-days, instead of inculcating lessons of prudence and morality, is only solicitous about the personal accomplishments of her rising angel: instead of teaching her to be humble, modest, and unaffected, she lays down no rules but those of pride; no precepts but those of arrogance, and no documents but those of affectation. Before Miss is out of her hanging sleeves, she is accustomed to the most extravagant praises of her own beauty, and is instructed in a belief that so the delicacy of her complexion is attended to, there is no necessity whatsoever to pay the least regard to the cultivation of her mind. Hence she can argue upon the excellency of Naples dew, before she knows a single commandment in the decalogue; and descant upon the smartness of a ribband, before she is acquainted with a letter in the alphabet.

The natural consequence of such an education is, that she becomes vain, and insupportably ignorant. The first of these amiable qualifications, her vanity, renders her totally blind to every merit in the character of another person; and the latter; her ignorance, renders her as totally insensible of the grossest absurdity in her own. Calculated merely for show, her only study is to attract a croud of fools to the standard of her beauty; and taught that a woman with so exquisite a face, has a just pretension to the first offers in the kingdom, she is continually aspiring above the level of her circumstances. By this means she most commonly withers in contempt upon the stalk of an antiquated virginity, or sacrifices her reputation to some debauchee of fashion, whom she vainly imagined to draw in for a husband. It is below a beauty ever to think of marrying with a man of her own rank: her charms are to procure something infinitely superior; and there is scarcely a tradesman's daughter with a passable face, in the weekly bills, but what now and then thinks of an equipage with a tolerable degree of confidence; and imagines herself pretty certain at least of a gentleman or a knight, though she should even fail of gaining a help-mate with a coronet.

The strangest thing, however, in this unaccountable notion with which people are deluded, of a daughter's making a fortune with her face, is, that every one supposes the world will look through the magnifying glass of parental prepossession, and conceive just such an opinion of the girl's personal attractions, as they are silly enough to entertain themselves; without ever reflecting, that others have no natural interest in the young lady,

dy, either to be blind to her defects, or sensible of her perfections ; they are astonished that we should differ from their idea of their merit ; and absolutely demand that tribute of admiration from our justice, which is nothing but the ridiculous result of their own partiality.

Were parents to act with prudence, they might easily judge from what they themselves think of other people's children, how others are affected at the sight of theirs. This single mode of judging would, in a moment, unbind the charm which fascinates the heart of so many fathers and mothers, and convince them that there are a number of requisites necessary to form a complete woman, besides the possession of a smooth face, and an agreeable person : then would they see, that a well-cultivated mind had an infinite superiority over the most rosy cheek in the universe ; and discover that something more than a bare knowledge in fixing a head-dress, or pinning a handkerchief, was indispensably proper for the mistress of a family.

In fact, the men are not such fools as they may generally be imagined. A young fellow, if he wants to make an occasional connexion with a lady, scarcely ever looks for more than figure or make ; by the same rule that he buys a horse, he chuses his mistress : but the case is widely different, when he comes to think of a wife. However he may laugh at prudence and discretion in himself, he always requires it in her ; and thinks he is infinitely more liable to suffer in the public opinion through the minutest foible of her's, than through the greatest error of his own : for this reason, the wildest libertine, when he thinks of marrying, generally looks out for a woman of virtue and understanding. Experience has taught him how small a share the mere attractions of a fine face have in the formation of real happiness ; and if he even chuses a person that wants a fortune, yet his choice is most commonly a person that can save one. Hence matrimony is the only thing in which he seldom suffers himself to be duped ; and he hardly dreams of asking the hand of a mere beauty, while there is a possibility for him to gain a woman of real beauty and merit too.



*On Friendship.*

“**T**HERE is not, in all the magazines of detraction, any weapon of proof against the mutual intimacies of our own sex, the generous endeavours of souls truly masculine and virtuous, united by sympathies and magnets, whose root is in heaven. No panegyrics can reach the worth of those divine engagements, since they admit not of any mediocrity, but derive their value from their excess. I have been always slow and cautious in contracting amities; but where I have once pitched my affection, I love without reserve or rule. I never entertain, without suspicion, the warm professions of love and friendship, which some men are apt to make at first sight: such mushroom friendships have no deeper root than the mere surface, and therefore most commonly wither as soon as they are formed; not but I readily admit there are certain marks and signatures which souls ordained for love and friendship can read in each other at first sight, by which that noble passion is excited, which afterwards displays itself in more apparent characters. This is the silent language of Platonic love, wherein the eye performs the office of the tongue; it is the rhetoric of amorous spirits, wherein they make their court without a word. There are some lasting friendships which owe their birth to such an interview; but their growth and strength proceed from other circumstances, being cherished by frequent conversation, repeated good offices, and an inviolate fidelity, which are their only proper and substantial aliment. It is impossible to fix a friendship whenever we place a transient inclination, because of the insupportable necessities which divided particular men from each others commerce, or knowledge, after they have begun their friendship. In the orb of life, says a learned writer, men are like the planets, which now and then cast friendly aspects on each other, *en passant*; but following the motion of the greater sphere of providence, they are again separated, their influences dissolve, and new attachments commence: but I would have my friendship resemble the fixed stars and constellations, which in the eternal revolution never part company or interests. On the other hand, there is no one that can pretend to such an universalized spirit, to be without antipathies. I esteem hatred, says the same ingenious writer, to be as necessary and allowable a passion as love, provided it be exercised on its proper objects; since

since as the one fastens us to those things which procure our happiness, so the other snatches us from what would be the cause of our greatest misery. To which, as they occur, give me leave to add, by way of conclusion, the subsequent lines from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, which I admire, and think the advice very pertinent on the present occasion.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel :  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each unfledg'd unhatch'd comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel : but being in,  
Bear't, that th' oppos'd may beware of thee.  
Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice :  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy temper :  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be :  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend :  
Borrowing dulls th' edge of husbandry :  
This above all, to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as must night to day,  
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

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*The good Woman.*

**H**ER temper is sweet and engaging ; she is affable and good-natured to all : her conversation is entertaining and instructive ; her disposition lively and pleasing ; and her manners attractive and becoming. Her good sense is shewn in the employment of her time, which is not idly and shamefully squandered away in gossiping about from house to house, in order to know her neighbour's affairs, and thereby making good the old proverb, that " A fool knows better what is done at his neighbour's house than his own ;" which, I am sorry to observe, is the prevailing humour of too many now a-days, even of those to whose duty and profession it belongs to teach and instruct others : but, on the contrary, she prudently spends the hours which providence has given for improvement, and not for waste, in paying an attentive and proper regard to those domestic concerns of life which are more particularly the business of a woman, and in which respect she is extremely notable ; and likewise in edifying her immortal soul, and preparing for another world ; indeed, no person

person can be more zealous and active in exercising the moral duties of justice, humanity, and brotherly love; which exactly coincides with another circumstance, I must not omit to mention, and that is, her readiness to embrace every opportunity of exerting the utmost of her power to heal any divisions, and make up any such differences as happen among the large circle of her acquaintance; in which she has the peculiar felicity in general to succeed according to her friendly wishes and good intentions. A truly Christian behaviour this! What happiness might result to society, if every one, in their respective station of life, would sincerely endeavour to do the same!—Her mind is adorned with every amiable and virtuous quality, that can give her a true taste and relish for any happiness or enjoyments this world is able to afford; and her person is embellished with every grace and accomplishment, that is capable of making her an ornament to her sex.—Her exemplary piety to God, and her extensive charity to the distressed among her fellow-creatures, shines forth conspicuous; she has often, (in the true sense of the phrase) caused the widow's heart to sing for joy; and if one may judge from the thankful acknowledgments which the noble principle of gratitude has taught those to make, on whom she has conferred her bounty, it is not unreasonable to believe, that the united prayers of many poor orphans, and indigent families have ascended to heaven on her behalf.—Her love and esteem for her husband are evident; she shews the greatest willingness and desire to please and oblige him on all occasions: her care and tenderness of her children are remarkable in many instances needless to mention; and her sincerity, faithfulness, and complacency to her friends, are very visible to any one not totally divested of understanding. She is highly beloved by her family; almost adored by her servants, and greatly esteemed and respected by all who have the happiness of her acquaintance. This amiable lady, whom it would give me particular pleasure to name, enjoys the blessings of a smiling providence, joined to all the solid comforts of a safe and quiet conscience. Surely therefore such a character is infinitely more pleasing and desirable, than the affected behaviour of the haughty coquette, the trifling actions of the flattering court-attendant, or the supercilious disposition of the overbearing peers, which are not unfrequently united to compose a single character.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

I Spent part of the last summer in a little village, distant about fifty miles from town, consisting of near an hundred houses. It lay entirely out of the road of commerce, and was inhabited by a race of men who followed the primeval profession of agriculture for several generations. Though strangers to opulence, they were unacquainted with distress; few of them were known either to acquire a fortune, or to die in indigence. By a long intercourse and frequent intermarriages, they were all become in a manner one family; and, when the work of the day was done, spent the night agreeably in visits at each other's houses. Upon those occasions the poor traveller and stranger were always welcome; and they kept up the stated days of festivity with the strictest observance. They were merry at Christmas, and mournful in Lent, got drunk on St. George's day, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas-eve.

Upon my first arrival I felt a secret pleasure in observing this happy community. The cheerfulness of the old, and the blooming beauty of the young, was no disagreeable change to one like me, whose whole life had been spent in cities. But my satisfaction was soon repressed, when I understood that they were shortly to leave this abode of felicity, of which they and their ancestors had been in possession time immemorial, and that they had received orders to seek for a new habitation. I was informed that a merchant of immense fortune in London, who had lately purchased the estate on which they lived, intended to lay the whole out in a seat of pleasure for himself. I staid till the day on which they were compelled to remove, and own I never felt so sincere a concern before.

I was grieved to see a generous, virtuous race of men, who should be considered as the strength and ornament of their country, torn from their little habitations, and driven out to meet poverty and hardship among strangers. No longer to earn and enjoy the fruits of their labour, they were now going to toil as hirelings under some rigid master, to flatter the opulent for a precarious meal, and leave their children the inheritance of want and slavery. The modest matron followeth her husband in tears, and often looked back at the little mansion where she had passed her life in innocence, and to which she was never more to return; while the beautiful daughter parted for ever

from her lover, who was now become too poor to maintain her as his wife. All the connexions of kindred were now irreparably broken; their neat gardens and well cultivated fields were left to desolation.

Such was their misery; and I could wish that this was the only instance of such migrations of late. But I am informed that nothing is at present more common than such revolutions. In almost every part of the kingdom the laborious husbandman has been reduced, and the lands are now either occupied by some general undertaker, or turned into inclosures destined for the purposes of amusement or luxury.

*The manner of smoaking Tobacco in the East.*

THE eastern nations are extremely fond of tobacco; some of them draw the smoke in so prodigious a quantity, that it comes out of their nose. The caallean used in smoaking is a glass vessel resembling a decanter, and filled about three parts with water. Their tobacco is yellow, and very mild, compared with that of America; being prepared with water and made into a ball, it is put into a silver utensil not unlike a tea-cup, to which there is a tube affixed that reaches almost to the bottom of the vessel. There is another tube fixed to the neck of the vessel above the water; to this is fastened a leathern pipe, thro' which they draw the smoke; and as it passes through the water, it is cool and pleasant. The Persians for many ages have been immoderately fond of the caallean. Shah Abbas the Great made a law to punish this indulgence with death; but many chose to forsake their habitations, and to hide themselves in the mountains, rather than be deprived of this insatuating enjoyment. Thus this prince could not put a stop to a custom, which he considered not only as unnatural and irreligious, but also as attended with idleness and unnecessary expence.

*A remarkable Instance of the melancholy Effects of Disappointed Love.*

AS it is not our intention in this place to lay before the reader every minute occurrence in the life of the unfortunate Lucinda, but only that particular circumstance of it which occasioned a most extraordinary change in her natural disposition, we shall purposely omit the less material incidents of



of her infancy. It is necessary, however, to mention, that her father, who died soon after she entered her fifteenth year, left a widow and two daughters, (the eldest of which is the heroine of the following narrative,) settled in a good business at a market-town in D—shire. By this the little family obtained a comfortable subsistence, and lived happy, though not rich. Near five years thus passed on in a series of uninterrupted felicity, too great to be permanent. The daughters of Sophronisba began to be universally admired: Lucinda had very agreeable features, regular if not handsome; but her greatest ornament was an inexhaustible fund of wit and good-humour, which displayed itself on every occasion in the most agreeable sallies: and her temper was so uncommonly agreeable, that it was esteemed impossible ever to ruffle it. Her sister Rosetta's charms lay chiefly in her countenance, where the graces seemed to have been too profusely bountiful; particularly, as it was so false an emblem of her mind. Formed by nature for hypocrisy and dissimulation, she proved the immediate source of Lucinda's greatest misfortunes. Amidst the numerous train of those who professed themselves the devoted slaves of Sophronisba's daughters, (all of whom Rosetta appeared to treat with the coldest reserve) Palladio was not the least considerable: He was the only heir to an annual income of fifteen hundred pounds. Lucinda's good character had attracted his esteem; but Rosetta was determined to win his affections for herself. This she found no difficult task; for the youth, tho' sensible, was naturally amorous. As her excessive reservedness, however, would not permit her to receive openly his addresses, she prevailed on him to continue his visits to Lucinda, that he might the more easily, by a maternal sanction for visiting the one sister, gain the opportunities of conversing with the other. Lucinda, unsuspecting of their fraud, received Palladio with pleasure; and it was no small addition to her happiness, to observe, that Rosetta appeared to regard her lover with the friendship of a sister. Matters continued thus in a pleasing perplexity for some weeks; when Lucinda learnt, by a letter she had received through a mistake, and which was intended for Rosetta, that Palladio had settled the preliminaries of marriage with her sister; and that he waited only for his father's consent, (which he doubted not of obtaining that very day) to settle the definitive treaty.—Judge, reader, if you can, the distraction of Lucinda at this alarming discovery. Her lover her sister, in a joint conspiracy to deceive her. The only man that ever engaged her regard, on the point of marri-

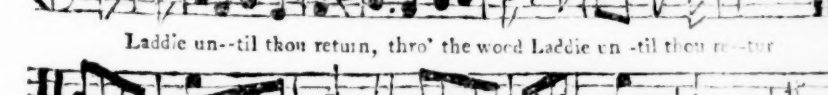
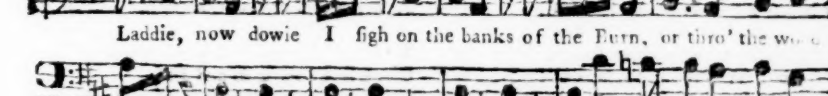
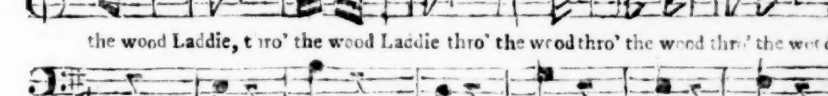
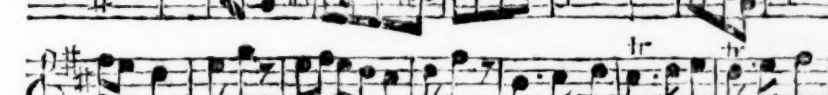
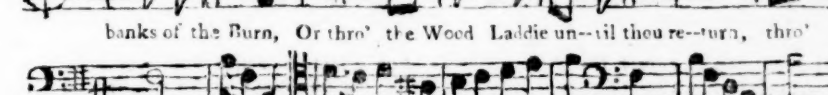
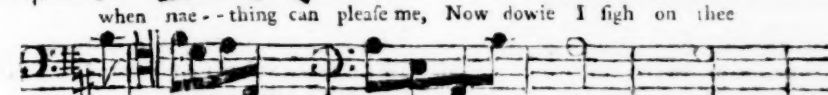
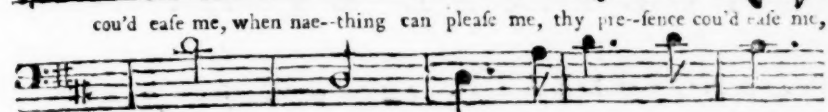
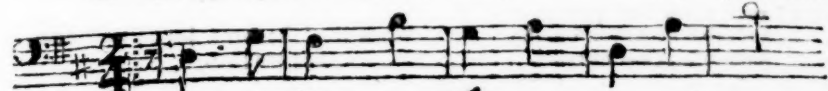
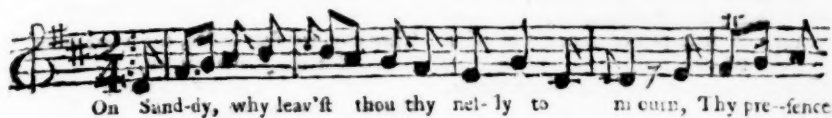
with a sister for whom she had the greatest esteem! Uncertain what resolutions to take, she stood for a while lost in the height of her affliction. At length, recollecting an intimate friend of her father's, who was gone with his family to settle in London, she determined to apply to him, to procure a place for her in some gentleman's family, where she might live unknown to her relations, and endeavour to forget those anxieties which the town of A—, the scene of all her past bliss, must necessarily occasion by the remembrance of it. Soon after, collecting together all the necessaries time would permit, she set out, (under a pretence of paying a visit to a lady at D——) for the abode of her father's friend in London, which she easily found out. To him she related the whole circumstances of her affliction, and implored him to fix her in a situation where she might be concealed. The friendship Horatio had lived in with the father soon led him to commiserate the misfortunes of Lucinda; he would have kept her in his own family, but he had too many visitors from A—to think of her being long there unknown. As it was her desire, therefore, he procured her the place of housekeeper to a family of distinction, in which post she has now been for some years;

“ But oh! how chang'd, how fallen!”

The effects of her disappointment with Palladio are inconceivable: from the gay, the amiable, the admired Lucinda, she is now become the reserved, the peevish, the despised old maid. Her regular features are entirely ruined by her grief; her natural understanding impaired by a repetition of sorrow; her wit, once the delight of all who knew her, is now wholly employed in execrations on the perfidy of man; and, in short, her life is become troublesome to herself; and her pride and ill-nature, (the only acquisitions she got in exchange for her happiness) are the source of uneasiness to the whole family she resides in. How base then must the behaviour of Palladio and Rosetta appear to the humane reader! Regardless of a mother's tears for the loss of her beloved daughter, they were married in two days after the departure of Lucinda. The unhappy Sophronissa, unable to support this additional trouble, fell ill of a fever, which soon put a period to her life, now become a burthen to her. Thus was the peace of the unfortunate family ruined by the unparalleled perfidy of a deceitful daughter, who herself survived her mother but a short time, dying soon after in childhood.

## THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE.

As sung by Miss WRIGHT at VAUXHALL.



The woods now are bonny and mornings are  
clare,

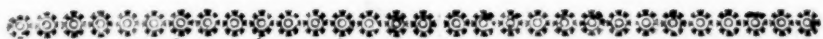
While lav' rocks are singing,  
And primroses springing,

Yet none of them pleases mine eye or mine  
ear,  
When thro' the wood Laddie ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,  
Im' fash'd with their scorning,  
Baith ev'ning and morning,

Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,  
When thro' the wood Laddie I wander my-  
sell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae longer away,  
But quick as an arrow,  
Haste thee to thy marrow,  
Wha's living in languor 'till that happy  
day,  
When thro' the wood Laddie we'll danc,  
sing and play,



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

### *The DANCE of DEATH.*

**W**HO leads the dance of death  
about

In form of fever, stone or gout ?  
The grisly forms advance to take  
Their partners out; the cit, the rake  
The King, the Beggar, Statesman, all  
The natives of the crazy ball,  
Shall indi criminate'ly aid  
To join this moral masquerade.

Behold of either sex, they stand  
Allotted deaths, and stretch the hand  
To lead us forth; ten thousand deaths  
Ready to dance away our breaths,  
While ev'ry death, allotted, knows  
The destin'd partner each has chose.

At striking up a certain tune,  
Whether a jig, or rigadon,  
A minuet, or a country dance,  
These know the air, and quick advance;  
Serious or comic, we must rise  
To frisk it with our destinies;  
Prehap, this moment, 'tis your turn  
To jig it to your fun'ral urn:  
Some, by a ling'ring sickness, lead  
The slower pace, and walk you dead;  
Some, in a country dance, betray  
Their dear particular away.

Since, of necessity, we must  
Join in this dance of mortal dust,  
How vain, how silly 'tis to flinch  
From these, who will not bate an inch  
Of time, or ground, to me or thee!  
Monarch or peasant, he, or she!  
Then since the case is so, my friend,  
Let us with jovial hearts, attend,  
Snce each is an invited guest,  
Let us be lookers on, at least,

And tho' we dance not now, we shall  
Shortly, be beckon'd to the ball.

Bless me! what numbers crowd the  
place,

Down from his highness to his grace!  
And from her ladyship of honour,  
To her with not a rag upon her;

What's he, first beckon'd out to dance,  
Tout nouveau arrived from France?  
Whose father tript away before,  
And left him all his lands and store,  
Must he go too, and leave behind  
The mansion-house so ill design'd?  
Which, to erect a new, he brought  
Plans from Italian masters bought,  
Venetian windows, cornice, rails,  
And gardens modell'd from Versailles.  
The mansion-house shall stand, burh  
Must dance it o'er the lady lee,  
And leave his fine perspective views,  
Parks, v' sta's, and his darling meuse,  
What's she, that lady in a shade,  
In silks and flounces all array'd?  
She's beckon'd next—her partener comes  
With cards, from fifty diff'rent drums,  
The drum of death she must attend,  
And quit her ev'ry frolic friend;  
What pity 'tis, you hear her cry,  
That we fine ladies too must die?

But who is he, so sore perplex'd  
At being berkon'd out the next?  
A Valetudinarian, he  
Who liv'd by rule, and doctor's fee;  
One who by regimen and diet,  
Hop'd to outlive the sons of riot,  
But oit the paths of safety lead  
To this assembly of the dead.  
What's he?—a B—p next in game,  
With sensual gout and palsy lame;

With

With capons fatted to the sea  
Of metropol Can—ter—bu—ry.  
Stall fed theology ; how sleek !  
With velvet gin, and fatten cheek ;  
Alas the Canterbury trot  
Of death is now the prelate's lot,  
And will he, nill he, he must go  
To dive for primacies below,

Who is that Heroine so fine,  
Her cheeks bedawb'd so with carmine ?  
An actress, fir, of parts and age,  
Fitted, she thought for Garrick's stage—  
Alas ! next winter she had hop'd  
With Mrs. Cibber to have cop'd  
To beat Miss Macklin out of feather,  
For she cry'd, pshaw ! at naming either ;  
Out, and alas ; that she must go  
To act her tragedy below ;  
Where Garrick'd self must soon enact,  
And all his company be pack'd ;  
Where Thelipis many an age ago  
Has long exhibited his shew ;  
Where droll, and mimicry, and laughter,  
With Bust, and Sock, must follow after ;  
Where all must dance, or soon or late,  
Huddled in one promiscuous fate ;  
Where Cerb'rus roars with triple throat,  
And Charon rows his crazy boat ;  
Where all to-morrow, or to day,  
Must cross the irremediable way.

But see whom yonder death salutes,  
A Lawyer full of pleas and suits,  
His Dies non is now in vain,  
With all the rubbish of his brain ;  
His Answer and his formal plea  
Will never get another day.

And must the Doctor too advance,  
And quit his Patients for the Dance !  
Yes, and the Patient too must follow  
This magnus Opifer Apollo.

But who is that whom yonder shade  
Beckons to join the Masquerade ?  
That is a Writer, fir, of note,  
From sundry books expert to quote ;  
Learn'd and sagacious to transcribe  
New Works from all the ancient tribe  
Of Authors who have wrote before,  
Who dy'd, perhaps, extremely poor ;  
New Dictionaries to select,  
Then call his own, in each respect ;  
From Lives and travels to extract  
Much larger Lives, and more exact ;  
From Gazetteers to make a-new,  
Larger than those from which he drew,  
For which a score of Clerks he keeps,  
Who all the work while Master sleeps,  
Then pass for a Man of Learning,  
Of wisdom deep, and great discerning,

Tho' ev'ry Clerk about him knows  
The shallows whence his Wisdom flows :

So Master Shoemaker, who cuts  
Out work for Journey-men's poor guts,  
Who in his life ne'er made a shoe,  
Nor aught about the business knew,  
Lives high, and keeps a brace of Whores,  
While they who work can scarce pay scores.

### On Friendship.

OF all the blessings we enjoy below,  
That God ordain'd for sinful men to  
know,

Is one more great, or serves a nobler end,  
Than that large blessing of a faithful friend ;  
When sharp affliction rears her thorny crest,  
And gauling anguish pains the troubled  
breast ; [brought,  
When heart-felt sorrows by Misfortunes  
Oppress the mind, and add to pensive thought,  
When all those ills to make us wretched tend,  
How sweetly soothing is a faithful friend,  
Whose gen'rous bosom with soft pity glows,  
To share our sorrows, and make light our  
woes,

That man feels comfort tho' in wretchedness,  
Whom Heaven has blest with such a friend  
as this ;

But 'mongst the great where men on men  
depend,

Nor one in ten deserves the name of friend.  
Suppose, for instance, I'd great wealth in  
store,

And smiling fortune daily added more,  
Was kind and gen'rous as a man could be,  
Good to my friends, and to my neighbours  
free,

Care'd by all who can care for a man,  
For acting greatly on a noble plan ;  
Yet if one vice lay rooted near my heart,  
Which long possess'd becomes too dear to  
part,

If that same vice should so infect my mind,  
To hush my conscience, and my reason blind,  
If to indulge it did to ruin tend,  
And I pers'd it fearless of the end,  
If deep destruction now began to steal,  
So very near, that one day more would seal,  
The dismal scene, what man among the male,  
Fear or offence would warn me of my fall,  
Are these the men whom I for friends should  
chuse, [refuse ?

Who know I'm wrong, yet, cowards like,  
To



To tell me so, under the weak pretence,  
Of being friends, and would not give offence,  
Hence, hence such fawners who for int'rest  
can,

Debase themselves, and sink beneath a man,  
Who, has I never tasted fortune's treat,  
But by hard labour earn'd the bread I eat,  
Would be the first to load with infamy,  
Tho' I was virt'ous as a man can be ;  
Since there are men who can for int'rest use,  
The cloak of friendship for the basest views,  
What care, what caution should our choice  
attend,

To chuse a virt'ous and a lasting friend,  
Give me the man who acts without controul,  
The honest dictates of a worthy soul,  
Whose mind is gen'rous, free, and uncon-  
fin'd,

Just in his actions, in his friendship kind,  
Who bravely can all fordid views defy,  
And seems his tongue should give his heart  
the lye. L. P.

The following lines were written  
by a Gentleman on his Wed-  
ding-day, two and thirty years  
after marrying his wife, she be-  
ing now sick at Bath.

PARENT of health to thee I awful sue,  
Accept the tribute to thy goodness due ;  
A thankful heart I on thy altar lay  
An offering sacred to this joyful day ;  
Thou hast with growing mercies blest'd my  
life,

And every mercy crown'd with such a wife,  
As Martha careful, yet as Mary wise ;  
Endu'd with all the gifts that mankind prize.  
If cares arise (for who from cares are free ?)  
My comforters are near---My God, and she  
My troubled mind in prayer obtains relief,  
My joys she doubles, and divides my grief.  
Thou God of mercy dissipate my fears,  
And heal the much-lov'd clay thy image  
bears ;

Confirm her health, in blessing her, blest me,  
And let the Bath to her Bethesda be ;  
Heaven has on earth no greater bliss in store,  
And I no greater next to Heaven implore ;  
I reserve her then, my God!--I ask no more. }

Acrostic on a young lady, who  
met with a family disappoint-  
ment.

M idst various storms that here perplex thy  
breast,

I ntent upon that work of peace and rest ;  
S till may thy soul, upon devotion's wing,  
S oar to the skies, chaunt forth its praise,  
and sing--

W hen that great awful solemn time shall  
come,

A nd death shall waft thee to thy peaceful  
tomb ;

D ear to thy Lord, thou shalt both taste and  
see

E ternal joys prepar'd for saints like thee.

BALLAD. Sung at Ranelagh,  
by Mr. Tenducci.

1.  
F AIR's my Chloe as the day,  
Brighter than the blooming May ;  
Cupid revels in her eyes,  
On her lips rich nectar lies.

2.  
When she moves, 'tis Juno walks,  
When she speaks, Minerva talks ;  
When she sings, th' angelic strain  
Might assuage the fiercest pain.

3.  
Oh give her to my faithful arms,  
Let me blest'd with all her charms,  
No greater bliss can I require,  
Cupid, 'tis all that I desire.

The young Parish Priest and his  
Bishop.

T O an ignorant priest quoth his prelate  
severe,  
" Away with such blockheads ! Fool, what  
do'st thou here ? [thee ?]--"  
" What ask of a bishop in orders put  
Your Lordship---said Hodge, with an hum-  
ble congee.

MONTHLY

## *Foreign and Domestic Occurrences.*

MONDAY, September 2.

**T**HURSDAY evening, as Mr. Hopton a grazier in Surry, was returning from Kingston to Godalmin, he was stopped by three foot-pads, near Cobham, who made him dismount, and searched him very narrowly; when finding he had no more than 13s. and some halfpence about him, they beat him unmercifully, and damned him for a villain for bilking them.

Thursday one of the gardeners belonging to his majesty's lodge at Richmond, was beat down by a cart at that place, the wheel of which passing over him, broke both his legs.

Tuesday 3. Sunday night, about nine o'clock, an elderly gentleman was attacked in the lane leading from Larkhall to Vaux-hall, by a stout, well-made man, with a flesh-coloured mask, the nose somewhat long, who cut his breeches pockets, and took from him about two guineas, and with a large clasp-knife threatened to cut his throat if he did not take the most solemn oath, that he would not divulge a tittle of the affair, till the next morning, which was complied with, as the man could not be sworn to; he uttered the most terrible imprecations that he was every mo-

ment in danger of being taken, and that he would never rob any more. The above two robberies were probably committed by the same person.

Wednesday 4. On Monday morning a sharper came to the Crown ale-house in Paul's-alley, St. Paul's church-yard, and called for a pennyworth of beer, which was brought him, but the servant maid having some occasion to go up stairs, and no company being in the house, he stole out of the bar two large china bowls which he carried off.—On Monday a great match of cricket was played at Dartford-Brent, between eleven gentlemen of Dartford, and eleven gentlemen of Yaldon, for a considerable sum of money, which was won with great difficulty by the former, by three notches only.

Thursday 5. Tuesday a man was carried before the sitting Alderman at Guildhall, for attempting to commit an unnatural crime, the night before, in the Old Bailey. He is about sixty years of age, stood in the pillory for a crime of the same nature a few weeks ago, at Porters-Block, and was but lately discharged out of custody. He was sent to Wood-street Compter for further examination.

5 M

Friday

Friday 6. We hear that Sir George Yonge, bart. member of parliament for the borough of Honiton, has sent three hundred pounds, for the present relief of the unhappy sufferers by the late fire there.—St. James's Sep. 7. by a letter from Dunkirk received yesterday, we learn, that the demolition of the Jettees of the channel of Dunkirk was begun the 2d. inst. Lond. Gaz.

Monday 9. Yesterday being the anniversary of their majesties marriage, the same was observed at court; when his majesty received the compliments of the nobility on the occasion, and at night there were bonfires, &c. in different parts of Westminster.

—On Saturday last the stonework of the sixth pier of blackfriar's bridge was finished. Exclusive of the greatest part of the first course carried by the caisson when placed for this pier, the whole has been done in seventeen working days, and stands in sixteen feet water at low water mark. Six months and a week were employed in building the last.—On Saturday evening his royal highness the duke of Gloucester arrived in town, and afterwards waited on their majesties at the queen's palace. His royal highness in his tour through Honiton to Plymouth, commiserating the unhappy distresses of the poor sufferers there by the late dreadful fire, was pleased to cause to be transmitted to the treasurer genl. for their present relief.

St. James's, Sept. 10. Last Sunday, about six o' clock in the morning, his royal highness the duke of York, and their royal and serene highnesses the hereditary prince and princess of Brun-

wick, landed at Harwich from Holland. In the evening the duke of York arrived at his house in pall-mall. And last night the prince and princess of Brunswick arrived at the apartments late his royal highness the duke of Cumberland's.

Wednesday 11. Yesterday, morning, between one and two o' clock, a fire broke out at Mr. Biley's, linen-draper, near Gutterlane, in Cheapside, which has entirely destroyed that house, and those of Messrs. Griffin and Eldridge, and Saxby and Vandeval, likewise linendrapers, adjoining, in the front of the street. It has likewise burnt down several houses in a court behind, and greatly damaged the back part of some houses in Gutter Lane. Mr. Biley was ill of a fever, and with great difficulty removed. This fire is said to have been occasioned by the carelessness of a foot-boy, who laid in the counting-house.—Yesterday morning his royal highness the duke of Cumberland came to his house in Grosvenor-Square from Windsor, and went immediately to compliment their serene highnesses of Brunswick.—Yesterday her royal highness the princess Dowager of Wales had a numerous and splendid levee at Leicester house: the prince and princess of Brunswick, and most of the royal family, were present, who afterwards dined with her royal highness at Carlton house.—Last Night, about 11 o' clock, a fire broke out on board the Nancy, a fine large Jamaica ship, capt. Patrick Conry, lying at Limehouse-hole, which entirely consumed the said ship to the water-edge; she had sixty-two puncheons of rum on board, but her

her saggars had been landed before the accident. It is said to have been occasioned by a Negro Boy on board going under deck to draw some rum for his own drinking. The unhappy lad, through whose means the misfortune happened, perished in the flames.

Thursday 12. Tuesday a scarlet-cloth waistcoat, trimmed with gold lace, was taken up in the river at low water mark, near limehouse, containing a tin box with 21 guineas and a gold ring, and the name George Frederick Leake engraved thereon.—An under tradesman in Shore-ditch, who had been always remarkable for living in a miserable manner, lately died in that neighbourhood, worth about three hundred pounds, one hundred of which he has left to St. Leonard's (the parish Church) to purchase a set of chimes, which are to play his favourite psalm tune, called the Windsor: and unless these chimes are set up within a twelvemonth, the money is to go among his relations.—Yesterday there was a very numerous and splendid levee at St. James's at which the prince of Brunswick was present, who received the compliments of the foreign ministers and many of the nobility, who came to town to congratulate their serene highnesses on their arrival in England.—By a gentleman just arrived from St. Omer's, we are assured, that about three weeks before he left that place, not less than 27 young gentlemen from England arrived at that celebrated seminary for Jesuits, to finish their education,

Friday 13. Yesterday there was a very numerous and splendid

court at St. James's; their serene highnesses the prince and princess of Brunswick were both present, as was also a great number of the nobility, and ladies of distinction, to pay their compliments to her serene highness.—On Wednesday his royal highness the duke of Cumberland gave a grand entertainment to several of the new ministry, at his house in Upper Grosvenor street.—Yesterday his royal highness the duke of Cumberland paid a visit to the prince and princess of Brunswick, and was afterwards at court.—All the desperate offenders, who, in the beginning of last month, broke Maidstone goal, and murdered Mr. Stephens the keeper, with another person, besides committing other outrages, have been retaken, and properly secured.

Saturday 14. Yesterday their royal highnesses the dukes of Cumberland, York, and Gloucester, together with their serene highnesses the prince and princess of Brunswick, attended by lady Susan Stuart, dined with her royal highness the princess Amelia at Gunnesbury house; after which his royal highness the duke of Cumberland set out for Windsor.

St. James's, September 11.—His majesty in council was this day pleased to order, that the parliament which stands prorogued to Thursday the seventeenth of this instant September, should be further prorogued to Thursday the twenty-fourth day of October next.

Monday 16. Yesterday there was a great court and drawing-room at St. James's, at which their serene highnesses the prince and princess of Brunswick were present

present, who afterwards dined with the princess dowager of Wales at Carleton house.—Thursday last, when the gentlemen met at the board of longitude, they agreed Mr. Harrison had explained his time keeper to their satisfaction: and, we hear, Mr. Harrison has been offered a thousand pounds a piece, for four of those ingenious instruments, which are supposed to be for some foreign potentates.—On Thursday last was held a board of longitude, to inspect and receive the explanation of Mr. Harrison's Time-keeper, when the son of Mr. Harrison being called in, he was acquainted, that the commissioners were satisfied that his father had made a full discovery of his machine to the gentlemen appointed by them for that purpose: and that it was by them resolved to grant him their certificate, upon his delivering up to them, or their order, his watch and three other Time-keepers before made, as the property and for the use of the public, a formal instrument of which is now drawing up by their lawyer. By virtue of the above mentioned certificate, when signed, Mr. Harrison will receive the further sum of 7500 l. completing the first 10,000 for his discovery of the longitude.

Tuesday 17. Yesterday in the afternoon her majesty, with the three young princes, came from the queen's palace to St. James's, where they dined and lay last night, and this day her majesty will appear in the drawing-room at court for the first time since her lying-in.

Wednesday 18. Yesterday both houses of parliament met at West-

mister, pursuant to their last prorogation and were further prorogued by a commission from his majesty to Thursday, October the 24th; the lords commissioners were, the lord chancellor, the archbishop of Canterbury, and the earl of Winchelsea.—Yesterday the hon. Charles Yorke, esq; took the oaths on being appointed his majesty's attorney general, at the lord chancellor's house in Lincoln's-inn-fields.—The committee for the relief of the sufferers by the late fire at Rotherhithe, met on Monday last, pursuant to notice, when the treasurer's accounts were audited; and it appeared he had received a sum of 3135 l. 15s. 7d. and repaid 2814 l. 8d. whereby there remained a surplus of 312 l. 14s. Upon a motion of the treasurer's, it was resolved, That the surplus be paid into the hands of Mr. Robert Inwood the churchwarden to be disposed of with the consent of the committee for some public use at Rotherhithe, either in the purchase of good fire engines, or other means as a security to the inhabitants against the like calamity for the future.

Thursday 19. Last week Mr. James Green, Attorney in Mark-lane, and Mr. John Philips, Haberdasher in Gracechurch-street, executors of Jennix Dry, Esq. deceased, paid to the treasurers of the five following hospitals, viz. St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, Bethlem, St. Luke's, the London, and the London Work-house, 840 l. a piece; which with 2000 l. a piece, before paid, make together 27040 l. and is in full of the residue of the testator's personal estate, bequeathed to the said



said hospitals and workhouse, except 1000 l. old south sea annuities, vested in trust during the life of a widow gentlewoman 74 years of age.—His majesty has was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on Francis Molyneux, esq; appointed gentleman usher of the black rod in the room of Sir Septimus Robinson, deceased.

Friday 20. Tuesday afternoon two journeymen shoemakers quarrelling in Houndsditch, about a young woman, to whom they both paid their addresses, one of them struck the other so violent a blow on the forehead as to knock his left eye quite out, and the other is thereby so much hurt, that it is feared he will lose the sight of it also.—Wednesday a drayman imprudently sitting on the shafts of his dray, while it was going down Bow-Bridge, by a sudden jolt, he was thrown off, and the wheel going over his body he was killed on the spot.

Saturday 21. Wednesday Mr. Clarke, of Little Saffron-hill, dropped down dead on board a sand-barge at Black friars: he went out seemingly in good health at nine o'clock, and was brought home dead about ten.

Monday 23. Thursday a gentleman walking along the Strand, had a new coat entirely spoilt, and was likewise in danger of losing one of his eyes, by the horses from a gentleman's coach plunging into the kennel, which splashed him all over and entirely closed up one eye.—Thursday night the wife of a shoemaker in Drury-lane, carrying home two pair of shoes to a customer in Long-acre, was knock-

ed down by a footpad, who carried off his booty without being pursued.

Tuesday 24. We hear that a great number of journeymen clothiers, from Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, are going over to New-York, to be employed in the woollen manufactories in that province, which have met with such great success lately, that they have not hands sufficient to work them.—This day the transfer-books of the old South Sea annuities will be shut for making out the dividend-warrants for the half year that will become due the 10th of next month, and will continue shut till the 30th of the said month.

Wednesday 25. Tuesday morning as Mr. Wylde, of Hackney, was walking in his garden before breakfast, a fellow jumped over the fence, and presenting a pistol to him, swore he would blow his brains out if he did not deliver his money immediately; accordingly Mr. Wylde, gave him his watch, near thirty shillings in money, together with his silver shoe and knee buckles; after which the fellow got off over the fence.—We hear, that upon the meeting of a certain august assembly, a bill will be introduced, to prohibit chimney-sweepers, barbers, painters with oilbags and brushes, porters with loads, and chairmen with chairs, walking through the several footways in this metropolis.—Wednesday evening two post-chaises and a coach were stopped and robbed, by two highwaymen, at the bottom of Shuter's-hill. They had both crape over their faces, and were dressed in brown cloaths.

Thursday

Thursday 26. The weather not admitting anatomical lectures, the following address was spoken to the populace by one of the stewards of anatomy, at Surgeon's Theatre ;——“ As the time is very near expired for viewing the bodies, I shall take liberty to make some remarks. I am very sorry, gentlemen, that I have this occasion to represent to you the cause of your being now called together : it is for a crime of the blackest dye, and that is, murder, perpetrated by the miscreants here before you, by depriving a fellow subject of that life which no one has a power to restore ; a crime, which, if we will give ourselves time to reflect, is enough to make the most hardened and abandoned wretch tremble. The bodies that now appear dissected before you, have suffered the law, and lie here for your inspection, in hopes that it may be a means of restraining those vices in their infancy that have generally been reckoned the forerunners of it. And I heartily wish, that from this evil, some good may arise ; and that their sufferings may be a means of deterring others from committing a crime of so horrid a nature. Only form to your minds a friend, or relation, leaving his family in the morning, cheerful and in good health, and in the evening brought home murdered by the hand of a ruffian : I say, gentlemen, this must strike much deeper into your minds, than it is in my power to describe ; and I doubt not within myself, but every one here will be sufficiently alarmed and guarded against the blackest and most atrocious of crimes, which is not only punish-

ed with death here, but is sure to meet with its reward hereafter.”

Friday 27. When the duke of York visited the university of Gottingen, he was met, at some distance from the town, by a body of students, among whom were some South and North Britons on horseback, and in the midshipman's uniform, alluding to the duke's naval quality ; and during his stay they mounted guard at his lodgings. Several academical acts and solemnities were performed, and according to the maxim “ *Finis coronat opus*,” the exhibitions concluded with a carousal, which could not be sufficiently admired. His royal highness was created a doctor of laws. The town likewise omitted nothing to express their joy at seeing a prince of the sovereign line.

They write from Dominica, that since the time of the earthquake, the inhabitants are frequently incommoded with brimstone blasts and a noisome vapour, which prevails most before sun-rising, but goes off with the sea breeze ; and that much sulphureous and combustible matter had been found in different parts of the island, which, on being mixed up with pitch, is found to make an excellent coat for a ship's bottom, against a kind of worms very prejudicial in the West-Indies.

The last letters from Senegal, mention, that the French were erecting a fort on the island of Argwin, and that the garrison of that place was so much reduced by sickness, that they were unable to make head against them.

Several plans have been laid before the new ministry for taking off the additional duty on Cyder.

FOREIGN

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Extract of a Letter from the Hague, dated Sept. 3. "The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, and the Princess his consort arrived last Saturday at Leidsenham. They were received there by the Prince Stadholder, and the Veldt-Marshal Duke of Brunswick, who conducted them to the house in the wood, where there was a grand supper. The Duke of York, who left their Royal and Serene Highnesses on the road, to view the field of battle at Minden, did not reach the Hague till Sunday morning at six o'clock. Apartments were prepared for his Royal Highness at the house in the wood, but he preferred remaining at the hotel called the Marshal Turenne, where he has taken up his lodging. On Sunday the Hereditary Princess attended divine service at the English ambassador's chapel, and afterwards went in the Stadholder's equipages, accompanied by the Duke of Yorke, to the lodgment of Rotterdam to see the Parade. Their Royal Highnesses were met there by the Prince Stadholder, the Hereditary Prince and the Duke of Brunswick, from whence the illustrious company returned to the house in the wood, where there was a grand dinner, and in the evening a concert and a supper. The same illustrious company were entertained yesterday at dinner by the Duke of Brunswick; and the Prince Stadholder gave them a splendid supper at the country house of Oranjestad, which was followed by a ball. To day (Tuesday) their Highnesses dined with the Prince and Princess of Nassau-Weilbough; and the evening they

will set out for Helvoetsluys to embark on board the Yachts, which will sail for England as soon as the Wind permits."

## I R E L A N D.

Dublin, September 3. His Excellency the Earl of Hertford, Lord Lieutenant of this kingdom, having laid before the King an account of the outrages committed by the soldiers in Dublin, on the 6th and 7th of August last; his Majesty was thereupon pleased to order his Excellency, to signify his pleasure to the Lords Justices, that it be given out in public orders in every quarter in Ireland; and the Lords Justices have accordingly directed it to be given out in orders:

"That his Majesty received, with the utmost surprize and displeasure, the accounts of the late behaviour of the garrison in Dublin, of such dangerous tendency to the peace and safety of society, and so utterly subversive of all military discipline; that his Majesty expects and requires from his army in Ireland, that they do upon all occasions, demean themselves quietly and peaceably, and in perfect obedience and submission to the laws; and that it is his Majesty's fixed resolution to shew the highest marks of his displeasure to all military persons whatsoever, who shall, in any respect act contrary thereto."

His Majesty also commanded, that as his third regiment of horse or carabineers had not been any way concerned in those riots, the good behaviour of that regiment be particularly noted in the above-mentioned orders.

## C O U N T R Y N E W S.

Newcastle, Sept. 2. Coals must be very dear. There are at least three

three hundred sail of light ships at Sunderland, and more are coming in daily. It is customary for the pitmen to bind themselves for a year or more, and they still refuse to work unless their bonds are delivered up; as they then might have an opportunity of inflicting on greater wages. The Keels are laid by, the waggons are stoppt, and the ways broke up and destroyed.

B I R T H S.

The lady of—Hennebe, esq; secretary for the electorate of Hannover, of a daughter.—The wife of Mr. Kinley, spring maker in Cold-bath Fields, of two fine boys and a girl, who are likely to live.—A woman in the lying-in hospital in Brownlow-street, of a fine girl, whose body, from the pit of her stomach to the middle of her thighs, is of a fine jet black; her face, breast, and legs, quite white.

M A R R I A G E S.

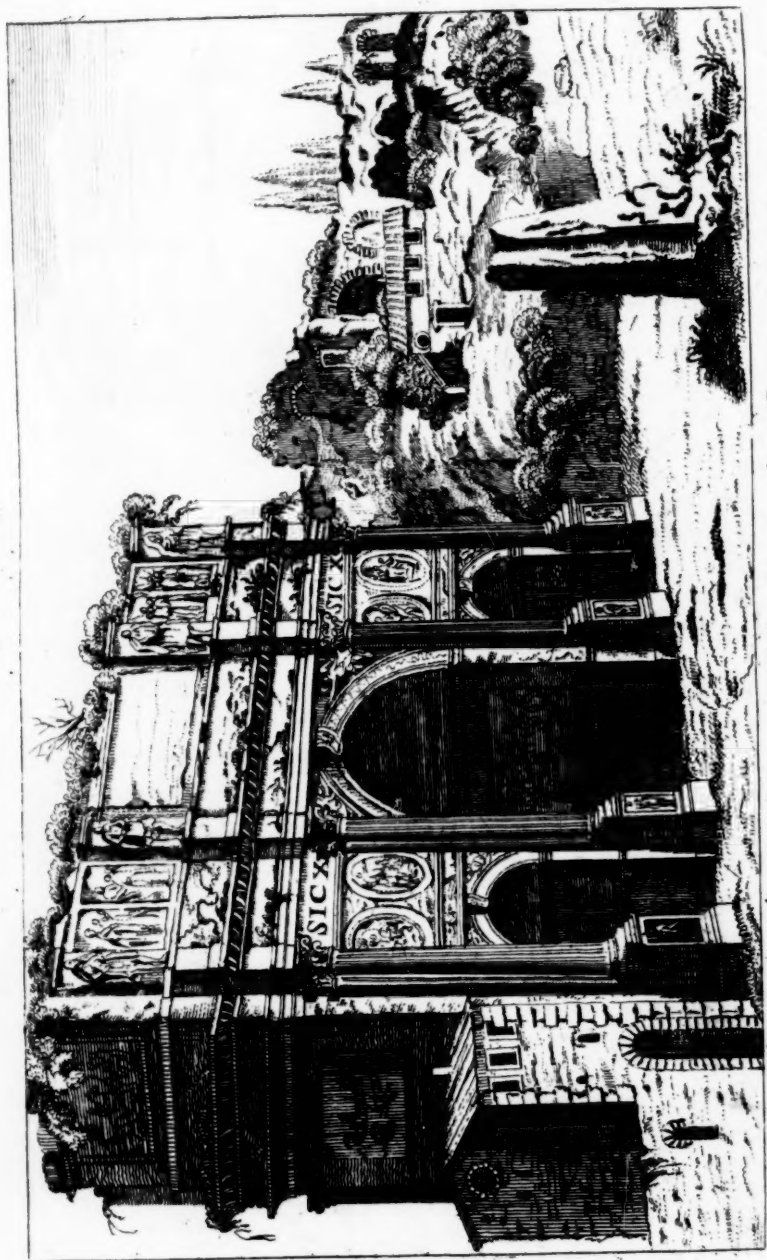
Abraham Hilton, esq; of the Six Clerks office, to Miss Nancy Clofe, of Richmond in Yorkshire.—William Gardier, esq; of Afsarby, Lincolnshire, to Miss Sally Watfon, of Norfolk-street, ---Mr. Sharp, surgeon, of Mincing Lane, to Miss Barwick, of Friday-street.—At Clapham in Surry, the baron de Bondele, to Miss Devifine of that place.—At Burnham in Effex, William Smith, esq; of that place, to Miss Miles, of Prescot-street, Goodman's Fields.—An elderly lady at Marybone, who but some days ago had heard her third husband's funeral sermon preached in the parish church.

D E A T H S.

Richard Shubrick, esq; one of the directors of the London assurance company.—At Walthamstow, Dr. Monk.—Sir Thomas Dennison, knt. late one of the judges of the court of King's Bench.—Roger Crispe, esq; a deputy lieutenant, and a justice of the peace for the county of Essex.—At Charlton in Kent, ---Kirke, esq; who, among many other legacies, has left 3000 l. to Christ's hospital. ---Mrs. Cooke wife of George Cooke, esq; one of the prothonotaries of the court of Common Pleas, and knight of the shire for Middlesex.—Mr. Unwin, an eminent attorney at law in Maiden Lane.—Alexander Hume, esq; member of parliament for the borough of Southwark. ---Mr. Nichols, lately chosen one of the bridge-masters of this city.—Mr. Bates, of Hocknell hall, near Tarvin, in Cheshire, drinking a draught of beer in a celler, swallowed a Wasp, which stung him so terribly in the throat, that he died in a few hours after.—At Indian Creek, William Whitehurst, aged 107 years. He served in the militia in every reign from Charles II. to George II. and bore arms when his present Majesty was proclaimed.—At Croyden, in Somersetshire, Jonathan Hall, esq; formerly high sheriff for that county.—At Twyford, near Winchester, in an advanced age, William Davies, esq;—In Charles-street Berkley-square, the hon. lord viscount Middleton, member for the borough of New Shoreham.







*The Triumphal Arch of Constantine*